The Tragedie

More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Then I can wish to adders, spiders, toades,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues,
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
Whose vgly and vnnaturall aspect,
May fright the hopefull mother at the view.
If euer he haue wife, let her be made
As miserable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy loade,
Taken from Paules to be interred there:
And still as you are wearie of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King Henries corse.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you that beare the corse and set it downe.
La. What blacke magitian coniures vp this fiend,
To stop deuoted charitable deedes?
Glo. Villaine set downe the corse, or by S. Paule,
Ile make a corse of him that disobeyes.
Gent. My Lord, stand backe and let the coffin passe.
Glo. Vnmanerd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breast,
Or by Saint Paule Ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee beggar for thy boldnesse.
La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the deuell.
Auaunt thou dreadfull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall body,
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweete Saint for Charity be not so curst.
La. Foule deuil, for Gods sake hence & trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell:
Fild it with cursing cries and deepe exclaimes.
If thou canst view thy hainous deedes,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.

Oh

# of Richard the third

Oh Gentlemen see, see dead Henries woundes,
Open their congeald mouths, and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lumpe of foule deformitie,
For t'is thy presence that exhales this blood,
From colde and emptie veines where no bloud dwe
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall.
Oh God which this bloud madest, reuenge his deat
Oh earth which this bloud drinkst, reuenge his death
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer d
Or earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou doest swallow vp this good Kings bloud,
Which his hell-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Ladie you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses,
Lady. Villaine thou knowest no law of God nor
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie.
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beas
Lady. Oh wonderfull when Diuels tell the truth
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angr
Vouchafe diuine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe.
La. Vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils but to giue me leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me hau
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou cans
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.
Glo. By such despaire I should accuse my selfe.
La. And by dispairing shouldst thou stand excus
For doing worthie vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst vnworthie slaughter vpon others.
Glo. Say that I slue them not?
La. Why then they are not dead,
But dead they are, and diuelish slaue by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.